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Day and Night

It's Probably Just Because He's Too Fat

By Art Buchwald

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IF THE HOUSE Un-American Activities Committee has nothing to do, we suggest it investigate a subversive movement going on in the United States to get husbands to dance. Under such innocent-sounding names as "The Waltz Club," "The Dancing Class," and "Friends of the Cha Cha," wives are getting their husbands to cell meetings all over the country and brainwashing them onto the dance floor.

Washington has several of these secret, tong-like societies and we think somebody should put a stop to them before they get out of hand.

We attended a meeting last week of "the Waltz Club," besides being a cover for the club, the Waltz Club has a real goal to perpetuating the waltz, the fox trot, and other left wing dances.

Under the guise of good fellowship, innocent husbands are taken away from their television sets and couches, made to put on black ties and tuxedos, and forced to stay up until three and four in the morning.

If the committee calls us, we're willing to name names—and the first one we'd like to name is our wife.

To give you some idea as to what lengths women will go to to subvert their husbands, we'd like to reprint the text of a conversation held after the Waltz Club's meeting.

"Why don't you ever dance any more?" she asked.

"Because I don't have to. We're married. When I was courting you I had to impress on you the fact that I was a gay blade and full of fun and charm. Now that you know it, there is no reason for me to prove it to you any more."

"You're an old soak."

"I'm not an old soak. I'm 37 years old. In just 28 years I shall be eligible for Social Security. I want to enjoy those years quietly with my loved one. I went out on a date last night and never came

back. I don't want to be one of them."

"Well, I like to dance."

"I don't mind if you dance. I'm not a jealous husband."

"I know you're not. I begged you with my eyes to cut in on me when I was dancing with that drunken Rodney Phipps and all you did was blow me a kiss."

"I didn't know he was drunk and besides I misinterpreted your look for ecstasy. My dear, you must realize when you venture out on a dance floor there are certain risks involved. This is one of the reasons I hung up my shoes when I got married. Of course, at every party there are a certain number of men who enjoy dancing and the majority of husbands are willing to lend them their wives if it will make them happy. I don't see what more we can do."

"I've never heard such garbage in my life."

"All right. Then I'll tell you the real reason I don't dance. When I was young, I was a believer, but as the years went by, I realized that dancing is sinful and leads to evil thoughts and wild spiriting. The only way I can keep the devil out of me is by sitting at a table and holding onto a glass of hard liquor. The minute I get up I go berserk—you know, like the natives in Africa."

"You're not very funny. You could have danced with me at least once."

"I did."

"When?"

"When I told you I wanted to go home."

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